UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The Failure of Government

By H. R. MUSSEY

A Tolstoian Grand Duke

By ZONA GALE

Another Preacher Looks at Teaching

By FRANK S. HARWOOD

Tammany New, Tammany Old, Always Tammany!

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CVI MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1930 NUMBER 5

SMOKING NUISANCE

A correspondent writes:

"Section 110 of the Indian Railway Act says:

"'Any person smoking without consent of his fellow passengers in any railway carriage not provided for the purpose shall be punished with fine not exceeding rupees twenty, and if he persists in so smoking, may be removed by any railway servant from the premises of the railway.'

"Why do not the authorities enforce it? Why do not the pasengers enforce it?"

In this case at any rate the authorities are not to blame. Unless the passengers affected complain the railway authorities can take no action. The passengers can do much to abate the nuisance which is very real. The smoker all the world over is perhaps the most inconsiderate of all the slaves of habit. He takes it for granted that everybody else smokes or ought to. He will part with many things before he will part with his pipe. He will spit anywhere and smoke in your very face and expect you to enjoy the smoky curl that mounts up in front of you. And it would be the height of insolence if you were to protest against the enjoyment thus thrust on you. Our proverbial docility enables the Indian smoker to outdo his foreign companions in indifference. And so the smoker in India appears to have acquired a prescriptive right to make of himself a nuisance. Who can deny that he is in a majority? For of the traveling public almost every other man one meets with is smoking tobacco in one form or other. The only remedy is for volunteers to come into being, who will courteously ask the offending smokers to desist from smoking, and then if need be, to report to the authorities. Of course the best course is as elsewhere to set apart smoking compartments or perhaps to reserve compartments for non-smokers.

—*M. K. Gandhi, in Young India.*

That the year 1931 looms as the most critical year since the close of the Great War, is now perfectly evident. A few years ago we were flattering ourselves that we had liquidated the War after all, and that it takes more than four years of the most destructive conflict in human history to wipe out our civilization. But now we are not so sure. Perhaps this civilization has not survived the conflict after all. This next year at any rate raises a question mark which would terrify the world if it had a little more imagination. Look at the crises before us! First of all, Germany swept by a mighty wave of popular revolt against oppression, and threatened by the speedy prospect of a dictatorship and the consequent dissolution of the republic. Next, France and Italy at loggerheads over naval armaments and refusing to continue discussions. Then, internal disturbances in Italy, with every sign indicating the growing power of the violent extremists as over against even Mussolini himself. Farther east, Poland proclaims the failure of parliamentary government in the ascendency of Pilsudski, an erratic and cruel despot of the medieval type. Near by are Hungary, trembling in revolutionary anticipation of the coming to age of the dethroned Archduke Otto, and Jugo-Slavia, boiling in enmity against her dictator king inside her borders and against Italy beyond her borders. At the extreme east of Europe, Russia is writhing in the throes of the most bitter economic crisis she has known since the five-year plan was adopted. and at the other extreme end, to the west, Spain is seething in revolt against her monarchy. A month ago we surveyed in these columns this European scene, and tried to be optimistic. Now we survey it again, and find it a harder job than ever to be cheerful. What we have, in summary, is universal political disturbance combined with world-wide economic depression. Say what we will, this is a combination of match and tinder which may, in any little chance episode, produce the spark which will set the world aflame. The one sure hope in the situation is the deep-seated popular hatred of war and all its works. "The disinclination of the great mass of the people to fight," writes a correspondent, is what may save us yet.

At last, the question of the war guilt of 1914 is settled—and settled in a way which we had least imagined possible. From that most unexpected of all quarters, Raymond Poincaré, of France, has come the amazing confession that *"the Austrian mobilization did not precede the Russian mobilization"* in those fateful July days of the great war year (see article in this issue in "The Field"!). This question of mobilization, of course, has long since been proved central in the whole controversy. In the far-flung distribution of responsibility for what occurred in 1914, all the nations were in one way or another involved. Serbia started the fearful chain of consequences by an assassination in which the government itself was active. Austria, in justifiable self-defense against monstrous aggression, resorted to unjustified measures to punish her enemy by force of arms. Germany, committed to the cause of her ally, gave Austria a dangerous freehand to wreak vengeance upon her foe. Russia, mili-

tant in the interest of Serbia, threatened war upon Austria. France was dragged in not unwillingly by Russia, and Britain by France, through the commitments of the Triple Entente. But none of these moves, culpable as they were, necessarily involved a European war. The worst prospect was a localized conflict between Austria and Serbia. The moment a general struggle came in sight, Germany was the first to take decisive action to save the situation. It is here that the mobilization question comes in, for it was the mobilization of armies that caused the Great War. For years, now, the best informed scholars of all countries have agreed that it was Russia, aided and abetted by France, that unleashed the mad dogs. Now Poincaré, the leader of all the anti-German fanatics, concedes this all-important point. Which means that there is nothing more to be said! Germany is absolved, the Versailles treaty is proved a lie, and the ground at last is laid for that vast work of revision of treaties which can alone save Europe and the world. Is it a mere accident, we wonder, that this amazing confession of the great Frenchman is made public at just the moment when the German elections make this revision question the central problem of the hour? However this may be, UNITY may perhaps be pardoned for expressing gratification over this demonstration of a truth for which it has been fighting for a dozen years.

The entrance of the United States into the League of Nations has not been hastened any by the refusal of the League at its September meeting to revise the Covenant so as to bring it into harmony with the Briand-Kellogg Pact of Peace. "Hastened" is perhaps an inaccurate word to use in an instance where there is no motion at all. But some motion of this country toward the League might have been started at least, if this revision of the Covenant so as to make it an instrument of peace instead of war had been undertaken. Just why the League of Nations declined to act in this regard has not been made clear in the newspaper despatches. The commission charged a year ago with the task of defining the terms of the revision reported favorably, and it was assumed that the report would be accepted and acted upon. But it was put aside, and thus the whole matter indefinitely postponed. This was one incident among many which combined to make this latest meeting of the League a highly discouraging event. The lack of all response to Mr. Henderson's appeal to the League to take seriously its task of disarmament was another. A third was the open and almost ribald skepticism which greeted Mr. Briand's statesmanlike proposal of a union, or accord, of European states. Mussolini's menacing gestures were of course to be expected, but they added none the less to the general sense of frustration and defeat. If ever Europe required such creative and reconciling leadership as the League of Nations was definitely instituted to provide, that time is now. What is needed is a thorough-going reconstruction of national relationships which shall begin with the scrapping of the Versailles Treaty and all of its abominable works, and not end until there has been achieved something like a general restoration of justice and fair-play. But the League, itself a child of Versailles, proves anew its impotence to do anything effective. The United States is well out of such a body!

Russia, if she is only wise enough to know it, has found a way of playing hob with western capitalistic nations infinitely more effective than any paid propaganda of agitation. We refer, of course, to the dumping of her raw materials in western markets. At bottom, of course, this is no conspiracy such as Washington has been hysterically trying to make out. It is simply the action of a government which must pay for imports of machinery and various kinds of manufactured articles with exports drawn from her huge supplies of coal, timber and wheat. After years of terrific struggle, Russia has at last got to the point where she is producing enormous surpluses of these products, and now they are suddenly appearing for sale. To this nobody would particularly object, perhaps, if Russia played the familiar capitalistic game of charging the highest prices and reaping the largest profits. But this she is refusing to do. She has chosen, on the contrary, to play her own game, which is to undersell her competitors everywhere and thus capture the market. The wheat flurry in Chicago was nothing particularly new and strange. It is what is happening everywhere in Europe, and is certain to happen both in Europe and America on an ever larger scale as time goes on. We have been told on excellent authority that Soviet Russia has recently signed a contract for the delivery of huge quantities of the best anthracite coal in Boston, and that she has exacted the condition that this coal shall always be sold at so many dollars a ton under the market price for domestic coal. How is this going to help our already demoralized mining industry? What has it already done to England's mining industry? Russia and India are both finding the true line of attack against western capitalism—not the military but the economic weapon! Thus, India is paralyzing England by refusing to buy her exports; Russia is doing the same by flooding her with cheap-priced imports. It's terrible—but what better treatment does the capitalistic monster deserve?

Evidence continues to accumulate that it was a sad day for women in politics when Ruth McCormick decided to run for senator in the state of Illinois. It

would be a sadder day still if this notorious female flim-flammer won the election next month. It is comforting to know that, even if elected, she will not be seated—a woman, no more than a man, can buy an election in this country and get away with it in the Senate. Not *yet!* But the shame of her election by the citizens would mark a black day in the history of democracy. Her primary campaign, conducted in cahoots with the discredited and defeated Thompson gang in Chicago, and resulting in the rehabilitation of that loathsome political machine, was a scandal of the first order. Her present election campaign, based on her deliberate repudiation of the "dry" pledges on which she won the support of hundreds of thousands of voters in the primaries, is another scandal. Over all is the taint of money—this woman's immense fortune, flooding the state of Illinois in every corner to dazzle, deceive and corrupt the electorate. Mrs. McCormick is the true daughter of her father, the late Mark Hanna, and is evidently persuaded that she can do for herself, by the same methods, what her paternal parent did for McKinley. But not if the "drys" of Illinois are anything better than sheep, or morons! Betrayed, sold out, bunkoed, "taken for a ride," they now have the chance, thanks to Mrs. O'Neill, the independent "dry" candidate, to repudiate the Judas who won them with a kiss. They owe it to themselves to defeat this woman who has played fast and loose, in her own selfish political interest, with a sacred cause. They owe it to the nation to retire to private life a politician without principle or honor. Who is elected in Illinois on election day is a matter of no consequence as compared with who is defeated. When we open our newspaper on the morning after election day, we shall turn first to the returns from the senatorial contest in Illinois. And we shall thank God and take courage if Ruth McCormick stands at the bottom of the pole.

The utter inability of the "wets" to present a liquor program to take the place of the program of Prohibition which they despise and defy, was never better shown than by the action of the recent Republican state convention in New York. This convention called for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Then what? Not the saloon, of course! Everybody agrees that there must be no saloon, the disappearance of which marks the triumph of Prohibition and incidentally the source of all the "wets'" unhappiness. So the sapient Republicans of New York, having called for the repeal of the existing amendment, went on to recommend the adoption of another amendment "outlawing and forbidding everywhere in the United States the saloon system and its equivalent, the private traffic in intoxicating beverages for private profit." We should like to see the draft of this proposed substitute for the Eighteenth. We should like to see how it squares with the principle of states rights. We should like still more to see how it meets the issue of personal liberty. Of course, at bottom, it is all humburg of the worst description. This anti-saloon plank is simply a dodge for capturing the "drys," as stupid as it is futile. The "wets" in their opposition to Prohibition have no constructive program. They have no desire for such a program. What they want is *liquor,* good liquor, cheap liquor, easily procured liquor. This they can't get even under what Professor Irving Fisher has called "Prohibition at its worst." The very success of Prohibition, in other words, is the reason for all this "wet" agitation which is now sweeping the country under the stimulus of money. All the "drys" have to do is to stick it out, fight it through, and sooner rather than later the dishonesty of the "wet" movement will defeat itself.

The Failure of Government

We have heard much during recent years of the failure of parliamentay government, and we have seen examples of the parliamentary regime being replaced in various countries by dictatorships. Russia challenges one type of mind, and fascist Italy another. Even the calm historical student finds himself asking the question whether perhaps the modern democratic state as we have known it may not have had its day, and whether we are ready for new political forms that will meet better the complicated conditions of a post-war era, with their more difficult economic problems and their fresh internationaal complications. The practical question is what is the cause of the failure and what, if anything, we can do about it.

The fact of failure is clear enough. The war itself was the monumental proof of that. And since the war, western governments everywhere have moved haltingly where they have not worked positive ill. If we recall the past dozen years in our own country, we shall have difficulty in recalling a single strong positive policy that has been initiated and steadfastly pushed to deal with the multiplying economic and political discontents that vex the thoughtful citizen. Our politicians have contented themselves with claiming credit for a so-called "prosperity" that has now vanished or with beating the tom-toms over political issues that had lost meaning half a century ago. Great Britain, faced with industrial difficulties of unexampled magnitude, and now looking its Indian problem full in the face, has developed in the Labor Party a new po-

litical organization from which it seemed not unreasonable to expect much. In fact, it has disclosed no ability to handle the industrial crisis, and its actual policy in dealing with India is indistinguishable from that of its Tory opponents. France for ten years has done nothing more promising than turn its eyes backward to the war and block all moves for new and better international arrangements with its monotonous demands for "security" of the old type, the type discredited in the eyes of thoughtful men by the disasters of the war. Germany, struggling with the problems imposed on her by military and political defeat, has seen rapid changes in her political situation, but they have not availed to bring conspicuously nearer the solution on which her future well-being depends. Governments have been inept and incompetent and not infrequently dishonest, and it is not strange that men want to change their form and their functions and their personnel—want to do anything, in fact, to bring about a change in the conditions under which they suffer. Sometimes their discontents take on revolutionary form, and the vague, ill-understood figure of Russia on the eastern horizon serves always to frighten those whose interests are tied up with the maintainance of the existing status quite unchanged. Governments have failed. That is clear enough.

Another thing, too, is clear. We do rightly in blaming the governments rather than holding responsible some vague thing like human nature, or any of those other scapegoats on which we like to unload the whole burden of our social diseases and failures. It is the business of government to deal with unemployment and industrial depression and war and all the other ills that afflict the body politic, and the lazy cry that no government can prevent these evils is simply a plea that government ought to be excused from doing the very thing for which it exists. The days of the old police state, happily, have gone, and governments have become agencies of social welfare which may rightly be called on to take the lead in carrying out all those activities which individuals left to themselves cannot or do not adequately discharge. We have discovered for example, that profit-making private enterprise will not and cannot do the tasks of large-scale economic organization, extending now to a world-wide scale, on which the regular operation of industry and the steady employment of labor depend. Whether we like to extend the functions of government or not, governments must learn to perform this essential social task, then, and the government that fails to do so is failing in its duty.

The truth of our present difficulties is that governments are confronted with vastly enlarged tasks over those that they have been in the habit of performing. Their machinery is inadequate to the new work that they have to do, the situation is urgent, and we hesitate to launch out into those political experiments that have become imperative if the situation is to be met. If western civilization, as some of its critics maintain, has lost its creative power, then it is true that the failures of the years just past are only the prelude to a work of revolutionary reconstruction of which it is conceivable that Russia furnishes the first model. If such be not the case, however, then the task of the immediate future is not the replacement of existing governmental forms by dictatorships, but the rapid development within our governments of the agencies and the methods of performing the new tasks. Government is no longer an agency for keeping order, except secondarily, but an agency for advancing the popular well-being in a world where more and more activities have to be carried on internationally. The old machinery fitted the old tasks; the new has scarcely come into existence, and its whole development is before us. What machinery, for example, have we for dealing with unemployment, or even what beginnings of a program? What first step have we taken to help in devising an agency for the regular production and the satisfactory international distribution of those great raw materials on which the economic life of the whole world depends. These are the tasks of government in the new age upon which we have entered. We are at the beginning, not the end of an era for these government agencies of ours, if only we have the understanding and the faith to face the situation courageously and adequately.

The failure of government, then, which must be admitted by any honest observer, is no occasion for despair of our western civilization; it is no occasion for a panic-stricken rush back to discredited forms of government or forward to new and untried revolutionary changes. Even if the Russian experiment succeeds in Russia, with a population and a history so widely different from our own, would any sane man voluntarily choose an exactly similar line of development for us, and above all would he choose a method of transformation such as that which Russia has had? If the Russian experiment succeeds, then it will have a multitude of lessons to teach us of the west, but whether it succeeds or fails, the present task facing us is a task of bold, courageous, intelligent experiment. Government has got to become more, not less; but beside that, it has got to become many different things in addition to that which it has been in the past. No intelligent man is going to be frightened any longer by names, nor is he going to determine what government ought to do and by what agency it ought to do it, on the basis of any formula, whether it be of a so-called individualistic or a socialistic type. He is not going to be frightened by the present failure of government into trusting the future to those successful business men who know how, within certain limits, to run a fac-

tory, but do not know how, nevertheless, to do the vastly more difficult task of running a state in a world becoming more and more closely bound together economically, but politically and culturally still divided into scores of different nations. He is going to realize that politics, broadly considered, is one of the most important of all human activities, and that the opportunity and duty of the political organization during the next half-century, rightly understood, is going to be vastly widened. He is going to use the failure of the present to point the possible way to the success of the future.

H. R. Mussey.

Jottings

The promise of the German Fascist leader, Hitler, to use the guillotine and roll his enemies' heads in the sand, sounds like the good old days of Robespierre and the French Revolution. We wonder, by the way, if Hitler remembers what happened to Robespierre.

Conspicuous on a front page, we read a statement of Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, that the business depression is coming to an end. Inconspicuous on an inside page of the same newspaper, we read that the net incomes of forty-four railroads show a decrease of 27.4 per cent as compared with a year ago. Thus do politicians disagree with facts!

The numerous Smith family had disaster pretty badly forced upon them by "Al" in the last election. The numerous Jones family, on the contrary, has gained incredible triumph in the marvellous golf victories of "Bobby." Scores are even!

Two American engineers in Russia, tried for assaulting a Negro, have been banished for ten years from the Soviet republic. If this is Russian civilization, what is American?

America's representatives upon the bench of the World Court have been successively John Bassett Moore, Charles E. Hughes, and Frank B. Kellogg (just appointed). From the standpoint of learning in the field of international law, this succession reminds us of the famous climax in the college song—

"For God, for country, and for Yale."

It is a relief to know that Lloyd George's hair has not been cut after all. We have always found encouragement in the thought that there was at least one thing about this man which was not subject to instant change.

J. H. H.

Another Preacher Looks at Teaching

In this story not only will the preacher look at teaching but the teacher will look at preaching. For undoubtedly now that I have been out of the ministry two years I do regard preaching in a different light from what I did when in it.

My departure from the ministry was involuntary. I had been a preacher for ten years, seven of which I spent as minister of the Baptist church where I now live. The members of this church are good people, most of whom have not been favored with more than a high school education, if with that. They kindly permitted me to spend two days a week for a year in The Union Theological Seminary, New York, but they were not prepared to follow me in the liberalism into which I became confirmed. I lost my interest in many of the little sectarian affairs which seemed to occupy so much of the time of the churches. Indeed, I lost interest in everything about religion which did not minister to the needs of people in daily life.

I began to secure speakers for Sunday evenings on international peace, industrial goodwill, social liberalism, race problems, and so on. The biggest thrill I secured from life was when I had men like Mark Dix tell of brotherhood in business life. But all this sounded strange for Sunday services to people who had always thought in terms of "the faith once delivered to the saints." As I now look back at those days I can see that I went too fast for them. Maybe in my enthusiasm I forgot to be tactful at times. I was so fully convinced in my own mind that I could not see why they held back. I boldly put the welfare of mankind above religion and everything else and tried to convert the church into an agency for that work. They would not cooperate. Some of the officials said I might as well resign.

The Sunday night when they asked me to resign my three-year-old boy, who had not been well for several days, was doubled up with pain. We took him to a surgeon who pronounced it a bad case of appendicitis. The child was operated upon at once, and it was found that his appendix was ruptured and that peritonitis had set in. The surgeon frankly said it was a bad case and that his recovery was simply a question of whether he had sufficient resistance. The bottom seemed to have dropped out of things. It seemed that I was losing my position and my child all at the same time. My wife and I sat together waiting for the hours to pass away. Did we break down and beg God to spare our child? We could see no reason in that. We knew it was simply a question of whether he had the vitality to recover. After five days he showed definitely that he would come through. Then for the first time we breathed easily. And to our surprise the church sent us a check for all the expenses of this illness! Our gratitude to them is everlasting. But in spite of their kindness (which was in itself a proof

of my contention that people are worth more than any religious idea) we knew we must find another job.

It was impossible to get another church in our denomination. My reputation as a liberal had precluded that. I tried some of the more liberal sects, but all had more than enough preachers. Then I thought of teaching. I applied personally to several private academies but my inexperience was against me. I visited a teacher's agency, the proprietor of which I knew, but he had little to offer. He said men were more and more turning to teaching, and the number of positions was limited. He made clear to me the fact that I needed certain credentials. I then went to the credential department of the state board of education and learned that I must take methods of teaching before I could get even a limited certificate. I went to the clerk of the board of education in my own town, and asked him if there might be an opening for me in the new school that was to be dedicated the next Fall. The committee on teachers met the next evening. My name was proposed, and the clerk called me up to find out what salary I would accept. I asked for all I thought they would give and they agreed.

School opened in due time, and the preacher faced his first class. I had charge of the senior register, and about one hundred and twenty-five others in regular classes. Aside from actual studies the next greatest concern was discipline. Of course, at summer school I had learned of the Dalton and the Winnetka systems with their assignments and cooperation. That interested me very much for cooperation was dear to my heart. Therefore when some of the students were unruly instead of sending them to the detention room for forty-five minutes after school I called them into my room and had a little talk with them. I said I was not anxious to make them stay after school, and that if they would co-operate in keeping order I would forget their behavior that time. What came of this? Nothing. At any rate I soon found that it is hard to reason with students when the school is run on the principle of "stand in awe and sin not." I soon learned that I must give them plenty to do and permit no nonsense. I tried out some of the suggestions that I got from the summer session such as projects, and socialized recitations, and had some success. I think they are good ideas, but I find them better adapted to some subjects than to others. Of course, these plans work better when the entire school is organized on this basis. It is hard for one teacher to try cooperation if the whole school is not conducted that way.

The thing I had most difficulty in doing at first was to get the point of view of the high school pupils. They look at things so differently from the way a mature person does. For example, one day I was talking to the seniors about Shakespeare and said it was a pity he died so young, only fifty-two. At once they all broke into laughter. For a moment I could not think what was the matter. I am thirty-seven and fifty-two does not seem old to me. But I suppose to those sixteen-year-old boys and girls it seemed ages. Now that is typical of what I mean. They live in one realm and I live in another, and I have to adjust myself to them. I am greatly concerned with social reconstruction, but most of them do not know there is such a problem. I should mention a few exceptions. There were a few Jewish lads who seemed to have read or heard discussed at home some of the affairs which have to do with social reconstruction. I enjoyed talking with them on these matters. In a public speaking class that I taught I had these fellows use some material along that line. They appreciated it but the others were terribly bored. The thing out of which I got the most kick last year and which brightens for me the whole year was the debates on the five-day week in industry. When I heard that I was to coach the team on the affirmative of the adoption of the five-day week in industry I was delighted. I forgot the tiresome routine of some of the other work in my interest in that question so closely related to what had been my Sunday evening programs at the church.

I confess my hobby is industrial brotherhood. Any story of brotherhood in business takes my immediate and complete attention, for I believe that the heart of human welfare lies there. Last summer I sold clothes for the A. Nash Company, and all the time I was rejoicing that I could work for a company that had made the welfare of the workers and purchasers the chief thing. I have come to believe that all the preaching and the teaching in the world is more or less a waste of time if people are unable to make a satisfactory and dependable living from the work they do. I used, when I was a preacher, to emphasize the thought of caring more for the life than for a living, which is all right as a warning to those who already have more than they need of earthly goods. But how many people are in that class? Just at present, at least, most of them seem to be out of work. I go into a grocery store and wait my turn. The clerk tells the man just ahead of me it is his turn. He says rather humbly he wants to see the "boss." I know what that means. He is out of work, he has no money, and he wonders if the boss will trust him a while so he can feed his children. My heart aches. I cannot enjoy the food I buy. I try to teach his children but I see the worn clothes they have on, and I see the magnificent cars in which the factory owners ride. These owners close down the factories throwing hundreds of faithful laborers out of work. The owners are not demons, but it is a demon system—this profit system. My spirit is hot within me, and I can do nothing about it. I enjoyed talking with some of those bright seniors last year about a coming better day in industry. Now those young fellows are walking the streets out of work. What an industrial system that makes life so insecure both at the beginning and at the end! How happy must be the lot of those who work in business conducted for people instead of for profit! That must be heaven on earth!

In my present work there are some decided advantages over preaching. For one thing, I feel differently toward my salary. I hated to take my salary from church people, many of whom could not afford to give. I hated also to take my salary from people who could well afford to give but who did not like my social and industrial ideas. But it is different in school work. I am teaching exactly what I am appointed to teach. The subject matter is all outlined and required. My salary comes from all the people for a community purpose. Therefore I take it without the slightest hesitation. Another thing, my hours are more regular and I can be home evenings. When the day's tasks are done I can forget them, but I always felt under obligation when in church work. Also, in the church there was no particular security of position. The church, in my

sect, can get rid of the preacher upon three months notice. Whereas, if I teach three years in the same place I come under tenure and cannot be displaced unless charges of some serious nature can be proved against me. And since I left the ministry I am not pestered with a multitude of small affairs which some people feel that they have a right to impose upon their preacher.

But I sometimes miss the sense of oneness with some of the real heartaches of people. My work is with youngsters who have not yet become burdened with real cares. There are tragedies but I am not so closely identified with them. One morning I opened my register and looked over the room to see who were present. The seniors were gathered in little groups talking in subdued tones. I realized something had happened. I inquired of a group what was the matter. Hadn't I heard? The night before, the president of the class, and two girls of the class had been for an automobile ride. The car skidded on the ice causing instant death of one of the girls. She was a favorite, a bright student, one of our best debaters, the daughter of the president of the board of education. There was no attempt to do much in the senior classes that day. The supervising principal addressed the assembly that afternoon in words well chosen and full of meaning. The school was closed for her funeral which was conducted by a local minister. But though I said what I could to the family privately I felt that I was more or less of an outsider. Another time a tragedy came into the life of a senior. He was one of our most happy-go-lucky fellows. I noticed how hilarious he was as he left school for lunch. Little did he know he was going home to find his mother had died a few moments before. An unexpected, especially regrettable passing of a fine woman. Probably he will never know how uncalled for was her death. But I know, and I am reminded of how many such tragedies could be avoided if the church would welcome scientific information concerning birth control instead of persecuting her prophets who advocate it. I dropped a note of condolence to the grief-stricken husband and spoke to the boy, but I feared that my efforts were more formal than effective. Once more I look over the desks and a seat is empty I ask the reason and am told that the brother of the student who sits there has committed suicide. What was the trouble? A love affair. The family forbade him to marry the girl of his choice because she was a Catholic. This time I was surely glad that I did not have to officiate. But after all, am I altogether glad to be on the outside, so to speak, of these human tragedies? I am not glad for sorrows in the world, but I sometimes wonder if my heart will always be satisfied to teach care-free children.

I observe that the older teachers of our system, most of whom are in the grammar schools, go to church. But most of the high school teachers ignore church. Why is this? They are young men and women of good character. But when Sunday comes they are somewhere else except at church. I do not go to church. I think I have better reasons for staying away than most of them have. As the former minister, I do not wish to embarrass my successor by sitting before him while he emphasizes things I consider unimportant. If the church wants conservatism they have a right to it undisturbed by the presence of one who has no patience with it. Yet I can see how these young high school teachers would be weary with much that the church fosters. One of them said in my presence on Thanksgiving Day, "I'm thankful we do not have to go to church!" The church that did not wish my services any more displays this motto: "The Man without a Country is no worse off than the Man without a Church." I have thought it would be interesting if some wag would attach to that motto these words, "How about Abraham Lincoln?" I believe one big reason teachers stay away from church is because there is nothing in the average church that appeals to their mentality or that challenges the best that is in them. For my part, I miss the church, and I hope some day to be so situated that I can attend and help in some church that gives itself to community service and forgets outworn dogmas.

In conclusion, I might say it is a trying experience to change your profession in middle life. I spent four years in college, and four years in seminary preparing to preach, and because I had to give up the ministry I must now take what is the equivalent to another year's work in education to fulfill the rigid requirements to teach and supervise teaching. After the experience through which I have passed and am passing since leaving the ministry, I feel less surprise that many ministers stick to their jobs even though they have to compromise with their consciences to do it. But for my part, I could never, never be satisfied in religious bondage.

FRANK S. HARWOOD.

Postlude—India to Britain

[With Apologies to Kipling]

Ye have taxed my bread and salt;
Ye may spill my blood like wine,
But I vow to resist your covetous fist,
O British masters mine!

Ye have given me laws and a share
In the lore of your people, but dine
At home on your land is my famished demand,
O British masters mine!

Ye may write the tale of my life,
But what of the spirit divine?
Ye people who feel there is strength in your steel,
O British masters mine!

KATHERINE KIMBALL.

To Colistoy

[A Deaf Girl]

Your life is like new grass
That might have been so straight
Forced to grow awry
Underneath a weight.

Your life is like a room
With all the blinds drawn tight
Holding fast the dark,
Keeping out the light.

But O, my Colistoy,
Pale yellow grass is fair,
And some dark rooms conceal
More than one dreams is there.

ROBERT ALLEN MALLORY

A Tolstoian Grand Duke

A grand duke, the son of a grand duke, grandson of one emperor, nephew of another emperor, and he married to the sister of the late Czar of all the Russias, is in New York this winter, with a new word of an old day. Reared in the Caucasus, and later in camp and court in the reign of the czars, his word yet deals not at all with the secret and somnolent and volcanic life of his country, but with something quite other.

A man in the early sixties, who until 1917 possessed all that men struggle for—power, position, limitless wealth, estates in half the countries of Europe—Grand Duke Alexander has the bearing and speech of one born on the steps of a throne. While his father, Grand Duke Michel, was Viceroy of the Caucasus, the boy was given three educations—general, religious and military. The military came first. When he was six years old, he left the nursery for a "military tutor." When he was seven years old, he knew how to serve a mountain gun. Always he and his five brothers and one sister slept on camp beds, of wooden planks under their mattresses. There were lessons all year round and never a vacation. When he was nine, the war with Turkey began, and the seven children spent that wartime thirty miles from the front, where their mother, the Grand Duchess Olga, established hospitals, and the children saw all their horrors as a part of education.

Every grand duke must be a soldier or sailor, and Alexander at twenty went on his first world-cruise of three years; then visited Asia in his own yacht; then came to America in 1893, sent by the Emperor Alexander III, in the squadron of five men-of-war, to the World's Fair at Chicago, to thank the American people for their generosity to Russia in the days of the famine three years previous. On his return there followed his marriage to Grand-duchess Xenia, sister to the Czar Nicholas II, with which the newspapers of the world were filled. He was still in the navy when the Russio-Japanese war began, and his knowledge of this involved facts of which few diplomats and none of the people were aware. He says:

> That war was an error. The Emperor did not wish it. But two powers pushed it on—England and Germany, acting together.

With the formation of the new government, following Russia's losing of this war, the Grand Duke, feeling no confidence in that government, left it, and turned to aviation. This was in 1909, when aviation was still a dream, but he founded in Sevastopol the first aviation school. All Europe smiled at this school, but when the Great War began, the Grand Duke Alexander was made inspector of aviation on all fronts.

Then came April, 1917. In a day everything was lost to him. Power, position, rank, wealth, "chance to serve Russia," all were gone. At fifty-one, life seemed to begin again, as from a cradle. And Alexander says:

> For me personally the Revolution was the greatest blessing. It brought me to the religion of love—the only one that is needed.

This amazing climax to such a life was not reached all at once. It had begun back in his youthful days in the Caucasus, of which he says:

> Even then I always felt myself a particle of the world.

It had stirred during the days under Cossack tutors, teaching the serving of mountain guns:

> What was I? Why was I on this small planet? What was the sense and the aim of life?

It had continued on the world-cruises:

> In many hundreds of hours in night-time watches, I spoke to the invisible forces, of course imaginary, and asked to be helped in solving the questions concerning life.
>
> Now at last, with "everything" gone, "everything" came. My soul spoke to me. I was rid of all that stood in the way of my spiritual revolution. I found answers to the questions I was asking all my life.

"Compensatory," the Freudians will say. "Escape complex. Defensive stuff."

Their doctrine that the demands of the body compose life, and that ideas of other possible powers of the being occur only as compensation for bodily thwartings, would seem to the Grand Duke Alexander reasonable enough—just as he would accept the fact that the reason the tadpole originally left the water may have been because water love and water food were scanty and had to be compensated for by excursions to land. But this was not the sole significance of the tadpole's land adoption.

What is the religion of love which the Grand Duke Alexander is now preaching?

> *It is a state of one's soul which transmits itself to one's mind, which without any special effort obliges one to think and act always in accordance with the laws of love; in other words, in the harmony of the universe. . . . When you have reached that state of soul, you begin to live the real true life, because then not only your body takes part in your life, but your spiritual side also, and the consequence is that you do not disturb the universal harmony. It sounds so preposterous, but it is the truth. There is perfect unity of matter and spirit, and every one of us forms a small particle of it. . . .*
>
> For the thousands of books which have been written about religion must be substituted the law of love, in words, in thoughts and deeds; beyond that law there is nothing, and if that law is not our guiding star, the profession of religion is of no avail.

Medicine, the bar, statesmanship, he discusses from the angle of his simple ancient novel truth—the emergence of spiritual life in all life's actors. But it is to education that he looks the most eagerly, and especially to the education of children.

> The first measure is to give children a spiritual education. . . . Young people begin their existence prepared for the material life, which is right; no one is prepared for the spiritual life, which is wrong. Humanity must not go on living ignoring its principal side.
>
> One must change, at its root, the present system of education by helping to bring to life the spiritual side of man.

In forty lectures delivered in America and in four published books, the word goes on in phrases which the leaders of every great philosophy and religion have uttered, phrases repeating truths which we are—or are not—taught from our cradles and will not practice. All is old, but all is new, uttered by this cosmopolitan, intensely aware of modern currents of thought, good-naturedly allowing to all these their own channels—and no more. His severest word to the ultra-moderns is this:

> Nobody has any claim to rights if he does not recognize also the rights of others in relation to him.

He summarizes:

> 1. Man must begin to notice his own spiritual side. He must follow the law of love. Only then will he acquire self knowledge and be able to use his powers which are now dormant.
>
> 2. Only then will he be able to profess the "religion of love" which will bring him into contact with the highest powers of the world and with the supreme power—God—and only then will he be able to live his true life.
>
> 3. Spiritual education is the all important factor in the life of man because it will steer him to the natural development of his spiritual side.

4. The soul must be admitted, so to speak, officially, and must receive civil rights! Because of this, laws will have to be changed, according to the interests of the soul.

He asserts:

I place myself at the head of this revolution which will not be achieved by bloodshed and destruction, but by love. . . . . Let your soul speak and it will tell you truths that will transform your life. . . . It is in the name of this soul that the revolution begins.

And this, from the son of an ancient despotism:

The religion of love admits of no authority on the terrestrial plane with the right to claim power over the human soul. Its supreme authority is God.

Caucasus, camp, court, world-cruising; war, aviation, tragedy, loss, exile. All this in the compass of the life of one man. And from out that life the passion to communicate to beings the eternal religion that life is love—and no more.

ZONA GALE.

Addendum

Nine Rules of Life

(*By Alexander, Grand Duke of Russia*)

Rule One: In your thoughts aspire always to reach the Supreme Power—God.

Rule Two: Remember always that the law of love is the positive, fundamental law of the universe, and unless you submit yourself to its requirements and follow the law of love in all your thoughts and deeds you cannot switch yourself to the rays or waves which constantly emanate from the Supreme Power and which surround you at all times. These emanations are needed for the nourishment of your spiritual life just as food is needed to keep alive your material side—your body.

Rule Three: Never stifle the voice of your soul, which is the voice of your conscience.

Rule Four: Profess any religion, but always remember that if your religious life does not respond to the Law of Love, it is only fetichism or a dry theology which achieves nothing.

Rule Five: Remember the Law of Cause and Effect. This is the law which determines that every thought or deed is registered and, in time to come, if it did not correspond to the Law of Love, will have to be adjusted. This has to be done by each one individually. No one can make this readjustment for you. This makes you responsible for the thoughts and deeds which do not correspond to the universal harmony, in other words, to the Law of Love.

Rule Six: Remember that life is in yourself. You must realize clearly that you form one with the Supreme Power—God, that you are in miniature what God is in His immensity. In this way you will learn self-respect and pure pride in your origin and *you will always live so as to be worthy of your birthright.* This feeling will stimulate you greatly, because at the same time you will receive an understanding of the truth that your duty, here on earth, is to be a conscious helper of the Supreme Power.

Rule Seven: The life cycle of your soul and its purpose is that, passing through all forms of matter, to gain experience of the constitution and life of the world you return to the Supreme Power, having gained wisdom and purity, and co-operate intelligently in its creative work.

You see, therefore, how beautiful is the aim of life and what limitless possibilities open to us when we understand what we are and why we are upon this small planet called earth.

Rule Eight: Here lies the great truth of daily life: "Live so that your future life will be the continuation of the present one." This is only possible if you have followed the law of love during your present life, because otherwise you will not be able to reach the plane of being where you belong. You will be forced to remain on that plane which is the nearest to the earth because your interests were earthly and you had nothing else to take with you. The Law of Love must inevitably be followed; it is not a religious law, but the fundamental law of the world's structure.

Rule Nine: Finally, remember that to live in tune with the universal harmony, which means to live in obedience to the Supreme Power—God, you must have constantly in mind the Law of Love, it must govern all your relations with other men, all your undertakings and all your thoughts; it has to resemble the standard measure which we use in mathematics, engineering, commerce, etc.; you must always adjust your thoughts and deeds to this basic measure (the law of love) and if they correspond to it then think and act. If not, it is better to wait until you have succeeded in bringing your thoughts and deeds into exact correspondence with the standard measure.

Tammany New, Tammany Old, Always Tammany!

It is difficult to be properly restrained in characterizing the scandal of New York politics. It bids fair to assume major rank among current political issues. Some antagonistic partisans have doubtless misused it. General Harbord, speaking over the radio on behalf of the Republicans, indulged in some conventional political balderdash. He sought to scare the electorate all over the country into preserving Congress for the Republican party, shutting out Democrats everywhere because New York's Tammany flies the banner of the national Democratic party. This Tammany doubtless does when it suits its main purpose. But Tammany blithely sacrifices its loyalty to national Democracy when its own interests dictate.

Still, behind such buncombe as that of General Harbord there is much reality. While it may but slightly dignify those whom General Harbord represents, no thoughtful citizen anywhere in the land should overlook its significance. The plunder-bunds sponsored by General Harbord's own party in Philadelphia and Chicago may be as unprincipled as is Democratic Tammany in New York, but such comparisons do not get us anywhere along a road worth traveling. They do not decrease the menace which Tammany Hall is to our national political life. New York's dirty linen must be laundered in the open. New York's backyard is in plain view of all the neighbors.

Mayor Walker was accorded the most flattering election to his second term. His immense popularity has been attested by numerous demonstrations. Yet, no intelligent citizen could ever have been in serious doubt about the character of his administration. Tammany is Tammany. The stripes of the tiger are always there and unusually slight attempt has recently been made to obscure them. Mayor Walker is the creature of Tammany. He knows it and admits it. Never has any other candidate for the mayoralty so boldly and baldly announced his subserviency to Tammany dictation.

The obliquity of the Walker regime has not been fathomed. Even General Harbord credits Mayor Walker with being personally honest. He also throws compliments in the direction of Governor Roosevelt, declaring him to be a fine citizen. In the next breath, however, he openly charges them with connivance in the wretched plundering of which Tammany now stands convicted by recent revelations.

This is a ludicrous display of political "courtesy." Even the buccaneer, in his day, must be a gentleman of a sort. One wonders in what light Mayor Walker and his friends would prefer that he appear. On public platforms and in authorized prints he has defended his administration against all charges of corruption. From this position taken a few months ago he has been com-

pelled to recede. He has agreed that there is evidence of petty graft throughout the system, and, as this is written he even admits limited large scale operations. One of his appointees to the Magistrates Court has been convicted of passing over a large sum of money to a political superior a few days before he received his appointment. Yet persistent attempts were made by the Mayor himself and his administration to whitewash the whole proceeding. The District Attorney, a staunch Tammany man, was in charge of the action originally brought against the Magistrate. In a dramatic fashion, with cameramen and newspaper reporters encircling them, a farcical conversation was carried on between the Mayor and the District Attorney relative to the venal financial transaction referred to. In the face of the demonstrated fact that the money had passed from his appointee, Mr. Walker dramatically declared that even though the prospective magistrate had paid out the money that had no more bearing upon his appointment than if the money had been thrown into the sewer.

All this is only amusing, since familiarity has reduced its nauseousness. Is Mr. Walker simple or is he dishonest? As Mayor of the greatest city on earth which would he and his friends wish him to be esteemed? When he declared that his administration was free from graft did he or did he not know to the contrary? The choice is not flattering.

New York is not inflamed over these revelations now rolling up mountain high. Every one knows that the highest mountain which will be thus erected is but a hillock along the ranges of what a complete exposure of Tammany's practices would reveal. There is nothing new in all this. All formerly lacking was detail, and everybody knows that the detail so far supplied by spectacular "investigations" is so meager as to be practically negligible in the final reckoning.

All but the detail was known when Mayor Walker received his spanking endorsement in his election to a second term. Why the hubbub now? The answer is patent. The Republicans are getting the goods on Tammany for a political campaign. Will the "goods" profit them? Oh, maybe; a little. But New York is not excited, though the headlines in sensation-mongering newspapers flame and scream. It is not likely that the present tactics will succeed. The frying pan may be hot, but the fire is hotter. The Republican organization is as venal and is much less artistic. The artistry of Tammany is what keeps it in power. New York has wearied of exchanging bunglers in venal politics for the finished and debonair political highwaymanship which Mayor Walker's regime so artistically embodies.

The reason Tammany is of national significance in the political field is because of this finesse. It is the finished article in pilfering, the *ne plus ultra* in plunder. Philadelphia and Chicago are gross and coarse. Offices in New York are bought and sold, but they are not passed over the counter, messed up with fish and kerosene cans. The significance of New York's Tammany is that the political machines of both parties in most American cities are envious of its successes and are crudely, blunderingly copying its arts.

Is, then, a hopeless cynicism our only answer? By no means. This bad political mess can be cleaned up. But certainly not by the methods now employed or widely proposed in New York or in most American cities. When the sole chance is the exchange of one group of plunderers for another it is not surprising that political "reform" is backward. The only real alternative is political action which shall forestall and banish the plunder motive. We need political organization which will sponsor no candidate who seeks the office, or who contributes to campaign expenses, or who takes part in the campaign. The smut of self-seeking attaches to any public office won by prevalent political methods. We compel office seekers to be venal and they retain their offices only by venal practices. Yet even General Harbord arises to declare that Mayor Walker is honest, that Governor Roosevelt, juggling to shield Tammany, is a "fine citizen"! When will our sense of humor come to our rescue?

There is a bad twist in our ethics, when we permit public office to be administered by different standards of ethics than are permissible in the individual. Doubtless Mr. Walker and Governor Roosevelt have the makings of honest and high-grade citizens but prevalent methods of public administration simply do not permit them publicly to practice their private ethics.

In at least a few American cities the city-manager plan is now winning acceptance. This is not the place to descant upon its virtues nor to declaim against its defects. It is to the point to observe that the movement is a bold and persistent attempt to eradicate the plunder motive in public office. Administrative officers under this system are condemned and ousted from office for political campaigning in their own interest. When Cincinnati, operating under this system, found herself in need of a city manager, she went to California for the man esteemed to be most competent. He manifestly assumes his office a free man and capable of practicing in public the honesty and other virtues which he is assumed to have in his private life. This cannot be said of any officer who comes into an administrative office under the political methods commonly prevailing in our various municipalities and state governments.

If public office is to be a public trust, it must be entrusted, not schemed and fought for nor bought in the market. We citizens of this glorious Republic, in all of its political units, high and low, small and large, can order things differently than at present, but we must do the ordering. Why cannot intelligent citizens begin in their various municipalities, large and small, and put public governmental administration on a rational basis?

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Life

Life is not what we find,
But what we make;
Not hit or miss in the blind,
But give and take.

JACOB HAYMAN.

Baffled by Fate

Baffled by fate, and sorely buffeted,
He cried out to the god to strike him dead.
Chimed down the brazen vault the faint reply:
"So live that thou wilt earn the right to die."

ALICE THACHER POST.

The Study Table

A Woman Pioneer

The key-note of this extraordinary life* can be found in two of the episodes. A little girl, indignant at the way in which she has seen her mother and other women treated by their husbands and by the laws, and silently resolved that those laws must be changed, is reading in a big Bible. The time is the early-nineteenth century and the place a New England farmhouse. The child is seeking Divine confirmation of the instinctive laws of righteousness which she finds in her own heart. Suddenly she comes upon the words, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee," and she is filled with such horror and despair that she craves annihilation. "Is there anything that will put an end to me?" she asks of her lovely sensitive mother, who at the daughter's birth had sighed, "I'm sorry it is a girl! A woman's life is so hard." The woman tries to comfort the child but her conscience will not permit her to conceal the theological dogma that underlies the laws of church and state. "It is the curse of Eve," she replies. "It is woman's duty to submit."

The second episode occurs some twenty years later. The scene is a court-room in Cincinnati. Two hundred marshals are ranged along the aisles and on the stairway waiting to escort back to bondage a family of slaves recently escaped from Kentucky. The young mother, Margaret Garner by name, when she saw that emancipation was impossible, had seized the little daughter, a child of great beauty, and had almost severed her head from the body. She had also attempted the lives of the other children and had been lodged in jail. The child of the New England farm, now a bride, has been summoned into court to give evidence against herself. It is charged that, while visiting Margaret in prison, she had asked her, in case she should be sent back to slavery, whether or not she had a knife! The judge is demanding to know if the charge is true and we hear the young woman replying:

> I did ask her if she had a knife. If I were a slave, as she is a slave, with the law against me, and society against me, and the church against me, and with no death-dealing weapon at hand, I would with my own teeth tear open my veins, and send my soul back to God who gave it.

Not in the life of the great Wollstonecraft do we find words or incidents revealing a more tragic temperament or presaging a more tragic career than in the foregoing. Not anywhere in the letters of Olive Schreiner or even in the novels which more dramatically embody her life do we find anything surpassing them in intensity. There is not deeper or, as it would seem, more tumultuous passion in any word of Sonya Kovalevsky or Marie Bashkirtseff, those two great Russians in whose delicate organisms scientific and artistic genius warred so mercilessly with their consuming need for harmony and love.

And yet this life does not like theirs belong to the sphere of tragedy. It has none of that quality which makes the history of almost all the world's geniuses, men and women alike, a record of appalling pain. In spite of early poverty and in the menacing face of prejudices, customs, and institutions immemorially established, this life flows confidently and valiantly onward to a serene end, replete with honors and achievement. And though founded in an almost single-handed struggle with church, state, and society, and played against a background thronged with multitudes often at first hostile and then friendly, and with threatening mobs, the story, by a magic of its own, never for a moment loses the pastoral, idyllic quality with which it began.

This, of course, is due in part to the artistry with which Miss Blackwell has handled her material. Out of the super-abundance of knowledge, documents, etc. which she had at her disposal she has chosen, without sacrifice of proportion, to subordinate everything to the evocation of the central figure who appears before us as simply and definitely as a sculptured Diana. And as in Greek freizes an implement can suggest a craft and a tree a forest, so we in swift succession catch glimpses through single personalities of general types and, in Miss Blackwell's own words, of an environing life "as different from the life of today as that of a remote foreign country."

A society which virtually provided only the most elementary education for its girls, which forbade women to speak in public and which thought it "unwomanly" to write for publication; which sanctioned wife-beating both in law and in practice; which reserved the learned professions exclusively for men; which gave to the husband custody of the wife's person, the exclusive control and guardianship of their children, the sole ownership of her personal property, the use of her real estate, and the absolute right to the product of her industry, is challenged by a bare-footed country girl who works nine years for the money to pay her way through Oberlin College, the only college then admitting women and, later, armed only with an illuminated mind, a consecrated purpose, a courageous will, and an astonishingly sweet voice goes forth on the highways and byways pleading, expounding, and exemplifying until by the sheer force of her personality and cause the main structure of the abuses she has challenged gives way.

The story of the emancipation of women from its beginnings in America until the present stage of its development, though more or less familiar to many, can never become old and is here presented not only with picturesque concreteness but from several angles that are new. But the outstanding significance of the book lies in the facts it contributes to our hitherto much too scanty knowledge of the private life and character of Lucy Stone.

Following the vivid story, pausing to admire the lyrical loveliness of certain scenes, as that of Lucy's wedding morning, or the dramatic moment when she disarmed the leader of an onrushing pro-slavery mob by appealing to him for protection, one is led always slowly but surely back to the consecrated and laborious days of childhood on that farm in search of the secret which, as the years went on, enabled the tender but fiery-tempered girl to weld the conflicting powers of her personality into so unified and effective a force. Noted as she was for her sweetness, and in spite of the marked femininity of her aspect, it is not so much the glance of a gracious and compassionate girl as that of a resolute young Michael that looks out at one with unconquerable lips and eyes from the attractive portrait which serves as frontispiece.

How she came by that power which amounted in

*Lucy Stone: Pioneer of Woman's Rights, by Alice Stone Blackwell. Published by Little Brown and Company. $3.

life to the artist's genius for adapting means to ends is a question which while it clamors for discussion is too weighty to be even touched upon here. But as, in contrast to the lives of the eminent women already referred to and to others who might be named, the technique she followed amounted to inspiration and served also to keep her from the rocks of waste and despair it will, I believe, for centuries to come invite the particular attention of persons interested in the science of the human soul.

Side by side with the heroine through much of the book moves the chivalrous figure of her husband, Henry B. Blackwell, who devoted distinguished abilities and much of his fortune to the furtherance of the woman movement; and toward the end we observe among the persons of the drama the potent little daughter Alice who grew up to be a champion of all that her parents had striven for and to be the author of this exquisite and revealing book which by virtue of its form and the story it imparts takes it place at once among the more characteristic of our American classics.

BERTHA SULLIVAN PAPAZIAN.

Book Notes

Catholicism and Christianity, by Cecil John Cadoux. The Dial Press, New York.

In which a broad minded free Christian exhaustively, accurately and generously examines the claims of the Catholic Church and concludes that they do not stand up under an examination of historical evidence.

Our Recovery of Jesus, by Walter E. Bundy. Bobbs-Merrill.

The author's conclusion is that the religion of Jesus was a matter of personal loyalty in the quest and performance of the divine will, and that in Jesus we see all that religion and God at their best may mean in human experience.

The Gospel of the Living Jesus, by T. H. Davies. The Macmillan Company, New York.

An attempt to reinterpret Jesus in terms of the recreative effect of his spiritual character on the life of today.

Immortality, by S. D. McConnell. The Macmillan Company, New York.

In which a sincere thinker of wide experience, having reached the age of 85, attempts to bring ultra-modern notions of physics to the defense of the doctrine of immortality.

Religion, The Dynamic of Education, by Walter M. Howlett. Harper & Brothers.

One of the greatest needs of today is for more education in religion and more religion in education. But may educators and pastors are frankly skeptical of the religious education movement. These essays will help bring about the understanding of the essentially religious nature of all valid education.

The United States of Europe, by Paul Hutchinson. Willett, Clark & Colby, Chicago and New York.

Paul Hutchinson writes in a clear and competent way of worldly issues that really make a difference in the spiritual life of mankind. This work is of that sort. The author describes the situation out of which has arisen the movement to establish a United States of Europe. That M. Briand has championed the idea of a European Federation is evidence that the winds are moving that way. Count Kalergi is given much deserved credit for the rapid spread of the idea. The practical bearing of the United States of Europe on economic and political issues is such that the near future is certain to hear more of the matter. All who want to be informed on the discussion should have this book.

CURTIS W. REESE.

Correspondence

"Barabbas! Barabbas!"

[Extract from a Personal Letter]

Dear Mr. Holmes:

The Government (in India) is now releasing felons and criminals from the prisons to make room for *Satyagrahis.* Just think of that! It is again a choice for Barabbas as against Christ. If any trouble is created by these criminals, at once the Government will place the blame on the *Satyagrahis* and say India is not yet fit for self-government.

I am particularly impressed by the change brought about in our ladies. They are coming out wonderfully. The other day I visited the Bombay police court when Sardar Vallabhbhai, Malaviyaji and others were to be tried and asked if I could see Sardar before the case came on. There were crowds of people waiting outside and they would not allow me. My hostess, a strict Hindu lady, ignoring the police guards, briskly passed them before they realized what she was doing and approached a responsible police officer and got me the permission. I was thunderstruck. A few months ago that lady would not have come out into a crowd like that for one thing, let alone pushing her way into the police court. Here I was a full-grown man being led along by a Hindu woman!! What a change in India! This is really the effect of the national movement on our society. Even if we do not get anything else this in itself will be an adequate return for all we have gone through. Things are moving faster than we realize here. I feel the hand of Providence is guiding it along.

J. C. KUMARAPPA

Ahmedabad, India.

Levinson and Gandhi

Editor of UNITY:

I would like to call attention to two or three statements in the issue of UNITY of September 15.

The article by S. O. Levinson on "World Peace" says: "Legitimate self-defense justifies the act and the weapon" . . . . "The right of self-defense, properly invoked or exercised, cannot be taken away by man or God."

The one in the Editorial Notes commenting on India says, "But India, for all Britain's power is not helpless. Or rather the more helpless she is the more victorious she becomes. Deliberately, she has chosen suffering as the weapon of her cause. The more she suffers therefore . . . the stronger she becomes. This is the miracle of Gandhi's method."

To me the statements do not harmonize.

If I understand correctly all Christ's life and teachings were based on non-resistance. He staked his life on the power of love to overcome evil.

We can never make a better world with a wrong conception of God. The question that underlies all questions that concern humanity is "What is God like?"

Till we can conceive of a God of Infinite Love, one like the Christ on the cross, who forgave his enemies even when they made sport of him—Christ was God—our thoughts and actions are going to be distorted.

"Let us pluck the beam out of our own eye, and then we shall see clearly to take the mote out of our brother's eye."

In closing I would call attention to a statement by J. C. Kumarappa in the same issue of UNITY, in the article on "Gandhi's Role in the Awakening India." "Today India

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Poincaré Has Changed His Mind on the Start of the War

By Carlisle MacDonald

PARIS, Sept. 26.—Political circles are mystified, not to say astonished, by a strong appeal in the newspaper *La Volonta* for the revision of the war treaties, a notable feature of which is an excerpt from a yet unpublished book by Raymond Poincaré in which the former President of the Republic is quoted as reserving his hitherto fixed opinion regarding Austrian mobilization and the start of the World War. The entirely new and sensational fact in the whole war guilt question, says the newspaper, is the "avowal" M. Poincaré has just made with a loyalty to which homage should be rendered.

In his latest of a series of books upon the war, classed under the general title of "In the Service of France," the wartime chief executive of this country is quoted as making the following statement on page 153:

"The Austrian mobilization did not, therefore, precede the Russian mobilization. In Paris the Minister of Foreign Affairs and his aides believed with great good faith that the Austrian mobilization had preceded the Russian."

La Volonté, which is a strong supporter of Premier Tardieu, then comments that, reduced to simple language, the foregoing means the war was due to a simple chronological error in determination of the moment of mobilization by a stenographer of a thoughtless telegraph operator. However that may be, M. Poincaré's avowal means that Article CCXXXI of the Treaty of Versailles no longer holds good, no more than did Dreyfus' condemnation when the Henry forgery was discovered.

"One is therefore entitled to say that not only is revision possible but it is inevitable in the vital interest of all the peoples concerned."

Inquiry at the offices of M. Poincaré's publishers—Plon-Nourret—disclosed the existence of such a book and no one there would deny the accuracy of the paragraph. It was explained, however, that the book would not appear for at least two months and that, contrary to ordinary practice, there would be no press notices. A request for permission to quote from the references to mobilization was refused.

The article in *La Volonté* was occupied largely with an attempt to show that unless the treaties were revised the next war would be one of gas and destroy whole peoples.

"Whether Europe likes it or not," observes the newspaper, "the problem which now confronts it more and more imperatively is that of revision of the peace treaties. The reason for this is easy to understand. The peace treaties were conceived at a time when peoples were yet drunk with blood, still quivering with hatred and inspired the meanest imperialistic passions to run riot.

"Yet it is neither upon barbarism nor upon hatred that peace can be established, but only upon reason, justice and truth. That shows how urgent is the revision of the treaties.

"And why revise the treaties? No treaty has even been eternal and all history shows that treaties have been revised, either by force or by right. Force is bankrupt and that failure is the only interesting result achieved by the late war. Right therefore remains. Hence all that remains is to know whether the treaties can be revised legally. The answer undoubtedly is yes.

"In support of revision, there are two great facts—an old one and a new one. The old fact is contained in the illegal character of the treaties imposed by the victors upon the vanquished without allowing the latter to state their case—that is to say, without trying them. It is exactly as it was in the case of Captain Dreyfus, who was sentenced in secret upon evidence of which neither he nor his lawyer was appraised."

La Volonté then proceeds to refer to the new fact—M. Poincaré's assertion about the Austrian mobilization—and adds: "The question confronting the nations no longer is the old one of war or peace, but is now one of war or death. Military technique of the past limited the warring victims to a few hundred thousand dead. Today all is changed. The war of tomorrow will be with gas—a type of war which provides no possibility of victory but which amounts to the total extermination of all the belligerent peoples—noncombatants as well as armies.

"If the multitude only knew that another war would mean the death of the masses, death without the possibility of defense, death by unheard of tortures, they would not hesitate to demand a final peace which could not be accomplished without revision of the treaties of 1919. But the multitude does not know."

Le Temps, in replying to what may be called the first really outspoken demand for treaty revision which has yet appeared in France, says the article is an attempt to blackmail public opinion by giving an alternative of treaty revision or extinction by a gas war.

"There is nothing surprising in the idea of extinction by a gas war," says *Le Temps.* "There is nothing surprising in the fact that those on the other side of the Rhine are trying to get rid of the burden of the treaties. But what is amazing is that such unacceptable claims should find an echo in a French newspaper."

—*New York Times*

Unity

[Extracts from the 1930 Year Book of Abraham Lincoln Centre]

I

Mrs. L. O. Levinson, Chairman of the Board of Directors of UNITY:

Another year has come and gone, marking the end of fifty-two years of UNITY's active life; a fraction of a day in the sight of the Lord, but a long time in the life of a liberal journal struggling to uphold its banner through a period marked by a world war, orthodoxy, Ku Kluxism and fundamentalism.

Our Editor in Chief, Mr. Holmes, has met the issues and problems of

---

is generating . . . a force that will be the guarantee for all time of world peace."

JOHN T. RICKETT

Howell, Michigan

[Note: Mr. Levinson's utterance, like that of every contributor to UNITY, is his own. UNITY is responsible only for its own editorial opinions, and seeks no necessary identity or even consistency of opinion with its contributors. —Editor]

India and England

Editor of UNITY:

Only a person who had lived through the experience of the old tsarist regime in Russia, where the Cossack's whip reigned supreme, can fully appreciate the horrible experience of the awakened children of Mother India, whose martyrdom is so bluntly revealed in your All-India Number, under date of August 18, 1930. Is that the perfect example of "English honor," "English justice," as executed under direct command of cultured "English gentlemen" for the good of the oppressed nation? The chronic starving of the masses, the suppression of papers and confiscation of presses, physical brutalities, can all this be true in the year 1930 and of a ruling nation that counts among its living citizens such men as G. B. Shaw, Bertrand Russell, H. G. Wells, with a Prime Minister J. Ramsay MacDonald, whose heroic pacifism and humanitarian internationalism was so well aflame *before* he became a political "boss"? What a crime, what a shame, what price British glory! In answer to the Britishers' contentions of the Miss Mayo type, please note the following lines from India's womanhood:

A Wish for Freedom*

I would prefer a mud-walled hut
To palaces in slavery;
I would prefer a barley cup
To ambrosia in slavery;
I would prefer a walk on foot
To flights of heaven 'midst slavery;
I would prefer a frowning brow
To a smiling face in slavery.

—*Shanti Devi Bhatnagar, B.A., '31*

If "Young India" feels this way, is there any doubt that sooner or later the shackles will be broken and India freed to shape its own destiny in pattern of its own sacred and best traditions.

DAVID GITTLEMAN

New York City

*Isabelle Thoburn College Quarterly "Chand Bagh Chronicle," Lucknow, India, July, 1930: Vol. 15, No. 4, p. 1, leading poem.

the day with that clearness of vision and the indomitable courage that characterizes all that he does. His editorials have been a constant source of enlightenment and inspiration to the readers of UNITY.

We have had much of world wide interest in our pages. November 25th last marked the completion of Gandhi's Autobiography, which we have had in weekly portions since April 5th, 1926, three and a half years. We have had many articles on international questions, the British Labor Party, Russia, India, the London Naval Conference, and generally on World Peace. Some new and distiguished foreign correspondents have been added to our list. . . .

But we must increase the number of our subscribers. UNITY goes into every State in the Union and across the seven seas into twenty-two foreign lands. Having such an abundance of testimony from our readers to the effect that it is a courageous and inspiring champion of liberty and brotherhood, of freedom of thought and religion, and of free speech, of protest against wrong, as a powerful weapon in defense of all those lofty ideals and principles for which it was founded; that it stands for progress and that process by which humanity is brought to its highest spiritual development, have we not the right to assume that our subscription list ought to be far larger than it is? . . .

It is with sadness of heart that we contemplate the future without Mrs. Jones who is about to terminate her active relationhip with UNITY and Lincoln Centre. UNITY will not seem the same without the faultless taste and literary effect of her matchless hand. We do not know what we shall do without her. But we are eternally grateful for her long years of loyalty and devotion, and the high standard she has set for us we shall strive to maintain.

II

Dr. Curtis W. Reese, Dean of Abraham Lincoln Centre:

By tradition and policy UNITY is a journal of free opinion. It is illuminating to note the careers of the men whose names appear on the first page of the first issue of the "Pamphlet Mission," which was the beginning of UNITY. The first, Robert Collyer, then at Unity Church, Chicago, has become in liberal circles a symbol of spiritual nobility. He was undogmatic, magnificent in his toleration, and wide in horizon. The next is Jenkin Lloyd Jones, whose career is too well known to this group to need extended comment from me. But let it be recorded here that he, more than anyone else, brought about the World's Parliament of Religions which marked an epoch in the history of religion. Next in order is William C. Gannett, writer of lyrical hymns, whose sermon "The Faith of Ethics and the Thought of God" is appraised along with the famous addresses of Channing, Emerson and Parker. Then comes Charles W. Wendte, who has devoted his life to the wider fellowship. He has recently published a two-volume work which is an authoritative record of the "Wider Fellowship." Then follows J. C. Learned who was minister of Unity Church, St. Louis, and a man of deep insight and wide scholarship. Next, J. T. Sunderland whose writings, particularly his "Origin and Nature of the Bible" and "The Spark in the Clod," have liberalized and mightily influenced clergymen of all faiths. His work "India in Bondage," recently suppressed in India and republished in America, is an authoritative volume on that turbulent country. Last is George Willis Cooke who more than most men of his generation saw the social origin and nature of religion, and who produced among other volumes a book of permanent worth on "The Social Evolution of Religion," which was recognized as a source in Well's "Outline of History."

These were all giants in their day. Obviously the present editors have their pattern cut on a large scale.

Prepare for War!

Irrespective of disarmament conferences and other governmental efforts toward better international relations, it is highly important that the forces working for peace keep their eyes steadfastly on the concrete problems they must meet if they are to prevail.

The International Anti-Militaristic Commission at The Hague has recently published a striking summary of military and naval preparations which are going on right under the noses, so to speak, of disarmament conferees. In Belgium, for example, the members of parliament are planning a trip to their northeast frontier to inspect the old fortress of Liege which military authorities propose to rebuild and enlarge. Across the Channel, there is rejoicing among English naval leaders over the new 13,500 ton ship which the firm of Vickers-Armstrong is delivering for the British fleet in the Mediterranean. The French navy aggregates 525,000 tons. Ships to a total tonnage of 13,600 tons are being built, and money has been asked for 20,000 tons more. Germany has again at her disposal 155,000 tons of warships. The United States has 112 submarines, England 67, and France 88. England possesses 854 torpedo launching tubes, the United States more than 2,472, Japan 690, Italy more than 566, and France 452. The English air force has been enlarged with a number of fighting airplanes which can exceed the previous American world-record of 177 miles an hour. The government of Persia is negotiating with the armament works at Brunn for the delivery of hundreds of machine-guns and tens of thousands of ordinary rifles. For 1930 RM. 9,000,000 have been voted for the German armored cruiser "A," and for the building of the small cruiser "Leipsic," RM. 7,000,000. Sweden is appropriating 136,000,000 Krs. for national defense as against 132,000,000 Krs. in 1929. Belgium is reorganizing the gendarmerie, which has been gradually enlarged since the war, and some branches are now provided with machine-guns. There are units destined to be sent to the frontier immediately after mobilization. At Wilhelmshafen the new cruiser "Cologne" has been put into use. In England tests will shortly be made with metal military airplanes for the transport of troops.

—*The World Tomorrow*

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